

The Gateway ATTRIBUTE TO MUSIC



How sour sweet music is
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
Shakespeare.

The man that hath no music in his soul,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
Shakespeare

There is music wherever
there is a harmony, order or proportion;
and thus far we may maintain the
music of the spheres
Sir Thomas Browne

All art constantly
aspires towards the condition of
music.
Walter Pater

THE GATEWAY

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A PLEA FOR MUSIC

By Prof. A. L. Burt

Long ago, men were told that "money is the root of all evil." Today, it seems, most people feel that the "lack" of money is the root of all evil. This is not wholly bad, for money is power. But there is a grave danger here. In the eager pursuit of money the real end may be obscured, the finest enjoyment of life. The over-concentration on the means leads to a neglect of the ability to use that means. There are hosts of men on this continent who have ground out their souls in grubbing. They have wanted money; they have got it, but at the same time they have lost the power to use it. The fable of King Midas is being re-enacted all the time. Our civilization is threatened with being dried up by its fierce materialism. The best hope of preserving the "finer things," and of developing them through a taste for them, lies in bringing the youth of the land into sympathetic contact with the best thoughts and feelings of the past, that they may catch a vision which will enrich their lives.

Of all the treasures which civilization has collected and which we may have for the mere taking, music is one of the best. Many regret that our modern universities do not commonly place this in their curricula. Perhaps in the future they may enlarge their conception of the "full life" to include it. Still there is a certain advantage in its absence from the prescribed courses of study, for a man prizes most what he gets for himself, and a taste and knowledge of real music is within the reach of every university student. Indeed, during the university period, the opportunities are the greatest, and the spirit is the most awake to seize the best in life. In this, as in other universities, there is gathered together a considerable amount of musical talent, and, considering its size, Edmonton is a remarkably musical city, with its Symphony Concert and its frequent visits of great artists. Every student seeking a real education, who neglects these performances, is wasting golden opportunities which will not return.

Now there are many men and women, with a vanity puffed up by ignorance, who have no interest in such "high-brow stuff." They do not enjoy it because there is something seriously lacking within themselves. Their situation is truly pitiable, unless they have a will to force their way into the enchanted hall. To most people, good music does not appeal at first hearing; but let them listen patiently again and again to the appeal of good music and a new and glorious world will open out before them. For music is like all the other arts, indeed like the finest and most difficult of all the arts, life itself, in that the taste for it is progressive, it has to be cultivated, and then it grows greatly. The danger of cheap music, which is so rampant today, is that it catches the uncultivated ear and tends to destroy the latent power of appreciating the best in music. To yield to it is like "sinning against the light"; it leads to degeneration.

There have been many complaints that good music is not heard as much as it used to be years ago, and particularly that real music is dying out of our university life on this continent. It is also said that there is much less real music in America than in the Old World. Many have asked why? It is a hard question, but perhaps some answer can be found. At bottom, music is the expression of the sheer joy of life. Have we no souls to express? Or, if we have, are they as poor and shallow as the popular music of the day? Certainly something is wrong, but there is no need to be a fatalist about it. We may work backwards and by pursuing the expression recapture the spirit. By cultivating good music, it is possible to recover that which we have nearly lost in our chase after material things, the real zest of life. The world is sick because it is seeking happiness outside the individual, where it is not to be found. The real secret of happiness lies within, and he who has developed a love of good music has what no man, no fortune, can take from him, a fund of increasing riches.

Therefore, I would urge the students in this university to seize every chance to hear good music and every opportunity to understand music in general. Perhaps the time is not yet ripe, but it ought to come, when we will have a Musical Union or Society in this institution, where those who play or sing or only listen may come together to find through fine enjoyment the way to still finer pleasures. In the meantime much can be done in other ways, and I congratulate The Gateway for turning out this musical number. But let not this be all. The university is the place and the time, for afterward comes the struggle with the hard world, when there is not the same opportunity or leisure or spirit. But he who has music within him will not find the world hard, for his world will be a happy one, full of music.

AN APPRECIATION

The Gateway wishes to express its gratitude to Professor J. Adam, who designed the front page of this issue. We appreciate the ready and cheerful assistance of this busy man, even as we are delighted



Henry Purcell's first opera, "Dido and Aeneas," was written when he was a boy of seventeen. The work was originally written for a girls' school.

It is interesting to note that Martin Luther who encouraged music as strongly as he discouraged painting, prepared the way for an outburst of the art which dominated Europe for two centuries.

Bach walked fifty miles to hear Dietrich Buxtehude, a Dane who held office at Lübeck, play the organ.

Handel was very contemptuous towards his English contemporaries. To Dr. Maurice Green, who brought to him a vocal composition for his opinion, he said, "Your music wanted air, so I did hang it out of the window."

Bach was a man of many gifts. One which has been little commented upon was that of decorative design with which he amused himself while engraving the plates of his own compositions.

Handel is said to have remarked about Gluck that he "knew no more counterpoint than his cook." The sarcasm of this remark is somewhat discounted by the fact that Handel's cook is reported to have been an excellent musician.

Joseph Haydn was a man of great personal neatness. He even wrote his scores in full court dress and inscribed his "Laus Deo" at the foot of each.

The great Beethoven was a true democrat. Napoleon, once he became emperor, he called "the memory of a great man." In later life his brother Johann left his card with him with the word "Gutsbesitzer" (man of property) written on the back. Beethoven sent his back with "Hirnsbesitzer" (man of brains) on the back.

The rough composer with his odd brusque ways died, as was fitting, in a thunderstorm, shaking his fist at the sky.

Schubert used frequently to write songs on stray scraps of music paper in a Bier-Halle, then crumple them up in his pocket, sometimes half in each. Vogt, the opera singer, used to rescue them after the composer had gone to bed.

A young composer once brought Rossini a funeral march which he had written in memory of Meyerbeer. After hearing it Rossini said, "Charming, charming! But would it not have been still better if you had died, and Meyerbeer had written your funeral march?"

This same Rossini never would travel in a railway, and even posted with four horses from Paris to pay a visit to a friend in Frankfort.

While living in Dresden in 1848, Wagner called upon Schumann. The former talked incessantly, while the latter did not even attempt to get a word in. On leaving, the visitor said, "Terrible man! One cannot get a word out of him!" And Schumann, turning to his wife, "Intolerable chatter!"

by his facile expression in the field of decorative art.

The design is not only an eloquent tribute to the goddess of music, but it will serve as a permanent record of our hope that musical art may in the non-distant future occupy the high place it deserves in the academic and social life of the University of Alberta.

A CONFESSION

Dear Readers and other Students:—

The Editor-in-Chief of this journal, oppressed by a sense of his own profound mental and aesthetic depth, and recognizing our undoubted superior artistic equipment, called us to him and handed over the musical edition lock, stock and barrel. We accepted this regency of the fourth estate in full confidence of being able to tap the ebullient genius of the common room and faculty chambers.

We rolled up our sleeves and got to work.

We conscripted, con brio, a goodly number of the intelligentsia. Then we ventured into the printed office and soon found that our intended supervision would be unnecessary. The other departments likewise tolerated us in aloof detachment. Like von Albert we had received a mandate but had no job until we conceived the brilliant idea of daringly exercising our temporary power. Neither Jimmy Bill nor any ethical consideration interposed. And therefore while the Editor-in-Chief suffers editorial eclipse we have attempted to reveal a few of the least startling details of an academic career which has culminated in the appointment to a Rhodes Scholarship. With sophomore temerity we refer you to an adjacent column where you will find a biographic and pictorial close-up of our chief, John Cassels.

—M. L.

—M. B.

'GLE AND GOME'

By L. H. Nichols

One night at a small lodging house in a seaport town, I was in a half conscious state between waking and sleeping. A French trainman was tooting his quaint horn at a drowsy engine driver. There was the clanking of couplings, the grinding of steam winches, and the clang of bells. Through this clamour, I gradually became aware of a new and pleasant sound. At first faint, it grew in volume as a party of sailors came down the narrow street singing the lively chorus "Funiculi, Funiculi" in harmony. They were keeping step to its splendid rhythm and their voices were rich and strong. In a moment the merry party had rounded the corner, but I strained my ears to hear the last faint notes mingling in with the confusion of the docks.

After the Battle of the Somme, we had come out for a few days' rest, leaving a number of our comrades behind. It had been a strenuous fortnight and at times we felt that victory was costing us too dear. The first evening I followed a country lane which climbed the uplands. It was cool and breezy with an occasional dash of fine rain, but once in a while the moon almost broke through the shifting clouds. There was not a house nor a human being to be seen, and the open, rolling fields with their ghostly trees and hay-ricks gave the countryside an unreal aspect. Far to the east was a fitful glow in the sky and an occasional muffled rumble. Even the mournful whistle of a locomotive seemed somewhat strange and out of place. As I went listlessly along, men's voices in chorus from far over the stubble fell on my ears. They seemed to be singing "Tenting Tonight" and I thrilled to my finger tips. As I stood, their voices melted away only to increase in volume with the marching song, "There's a long, long trail a-winding into the land of my dreams." Only two weeks before we had been singing these very songs as we camped along the way; now, some of the parts would be missing. It might have been a roisterers' gathering; that did not matter. Their song seemed to express as no words could the spirit of cheerfulness and earnestness of the comrades who were lying not so far away.

When the people of Brussels after four years of German occupation welcomed back their king, by sheer good fortune I heard the "Te Deum" sung in the church of St. Gudule. Beneath the great Gothic arches, lofty as those of Westminster, a vast assembly of citizens and notable personages was gathered. Down the centre of the transept lay a crimson carpet, and on either side stood a line of Belgian soldiers with fixed bayonets and glistening steel helmets. High above were the windows of past ages letting in the warmest of colours from the afternoon sun. In the chancel, where I could get a glimpse between the arches, hung large banners and tapestries showing coronations and triumphal processions. One might easily have imagined himself transplanted through the ages to a scene of medieval times.

When I first entered, the choir were singing; but soon the music ceased. The Benediction was being chanted and a deep hush was upon all.

Suddenly with a magnificent burst of harmony from the organ and the orchestra, the men and boys of the choir began to sing the "Brabant," the Belgian national air.

The king with his retinue was moving down the chancel towards the steps that lead to the main body of the church.

As a sunbeam fell across his face, the whole throng joined in the chorus and the vast building was filled to bursting with exultant, throbbing sound.

This was not the only thrill this church was to receive that eventful day. The king paused and with a quiet smile on his face stood gazing at his rejoicing people from whom he had been so long parted. When the last note of the song was finished, the thousands and thousands of men and women could restrain their wild enthusiasm no longer. They broke into a frenzy of cheering and shouting "Vive le roi! Vive le roi!" The myriad repetitions in that great echoing space seemed a continuous reverberation like the roar of Niagara.

Whenever men's better feelings are aroused, there is music. Patriotism, religious emotion, love, and good fellowship have each their appropriate musical forms. To the inspiration of these must be credited practically the entire body of our worthy songs. In the drab life of a country such as this, particularly in surroundings where this is much honking and uncouth noise, slamming and stamping, let us have more and sweeter singing. So doing, we may look gladly back to rich, colorful days wherein "Muche we lovede gle and gome."

A DAY IN THE SADDLE

That distant ridge far-off as eye can see
Is home. Since quitting town at break of day,
Three times, no less, have similar peaks stood out
Against the sky—then passed. And though afar
That longed-for spot may be, we still push on;
For there is home for Berry and for me,
And weariness forgot.

—F. E. Read.

Our 1924 Rhodes Scholar



A few days ago we received the news that John Cassels had been awarded the 1924 Rhodes Scholarship for the Province of Alberta. On no previous occasion has a similar announcement been received with greater general approval or more genuine pleasure. Indeed the congratulations, which have been pouring in from all sides upon the news of John's receipt of this much coveted honour, are an indication of the appreciation by his fellow students, professors and other friends of qualities deserving of the highest recognition.

To tell John Cassels' story is equivalent to giving a long list of unqualified successes through school. John attended Central Public School, Calgary, and won the Lieutenant Governor's Medal awarded annually to the student obtaining the highest marks at the Provincial Entrance examinations. Later he had the choice of two scholarships.

John's record at the University of Alberta is all the more remarkable in that this is but his third year of attendance. Yet in this short time he has occupied many positions of trust and responsibility in student organizations, and at the same time maintained a brilliant reputation as a student. As president of the Junior class, secretary of the Debating Society, captain of the Arts championship rugby team, associate editor of the Evergreen and Gold, editor-in-chief of The Gateway, and member of the University debating teams, his work spelled success for each organization. Yet it is doubtful if any student of the University of Alberta has along with so many activities obtained such academic honours—first-class standing at each year's examinations is a record few have equalled and none surpassed.

The Calgary Albertan says editorially: "It may be said that no young man ever set out from Alberta better equipped for the Rhodes course or nearer the ideal which Rhodes had in mind when he decided on the Rhodes man. He will be a credit to the Province." Everyone who knows John Cassels heartily concurs.

John is a credit not only because of his efficiency, but also for those human qualities which make men great. To recount them as they have appeared in John would be to cheapen them. There are some things which can be only felt and not described, and only those who have come in contact with John, only those who have worked and played with him can know the breadth of knowledge, the sincerity of action, the accuracy of judgment, the depth of sympathy, and above all, the spirit of "play-the-game," which draw forth not only admiration, but respect.

STUDENTS' GLEE CLUB ORGANIZED

Capable Leader and Enthusiastic Members Insure Success

In addition to the student organizations of last year, we are fortunate this year in having a Glee Club, to which we look forward for some enjoyable numbers at future Lit Nights.

In the short space of four weeks the Club has grown from an idea to an organization with forty-five enthusiastic members, and at each successive meeting the number grows. The Club is extremely fortunate in obtaining the services of Mr. Nichols as leader. Without his

much appreciated efforts the Club could never have progressed so rapidly and successfully, hence any credit for its success is due almost entirely to him. Starting with elementary note reading, he has passed on to round and unison songs, to be followed by more difficult part songs. While awaiting the arrival of song books, the Club is greatly indebted to both Mr. Nichols and Chas. Richert, the secretary, for the time spent in writing out music on the blackboard.

A hearty invitation is extended to all who are interested in singing to join the Club.

The officers elected for this term are:

Hon president, Mr. Nichols.
President, F. A. Halliday.
Secretary, C. H. Richert.
Executive, P. D. Clark, B. Tanner, C. K. Johns.

I. O. D. E. Scholarship

For the second time in succession there will be next fall two students from the University of Alberta proceeding to Oxford University to pursue post-graduate studies. For, in addition to the Rhodes Scholar, Jack McClung, who has just been awarded the I.O.D.E. Overseas Scholarship, has chosen to spend a year at Oxford.

Jack's career at the University of Alberta and in the army during the Great War was sufficient to win him this great honor. With the famous "Princess Pats" he saw service in France first as a private and N.C.O. and later as a commissioned officer.

The experience Jack gained overseas, together with his versatile temperament, active nature and keen interest in current affairs and all problems of life have combined to make his influence felt at the University of Alberta. From the time he registered as a freshman, Jack entered wholeheartedly into what may be called the undergraduate life of the University and has been associated with those events and movements of general interest to the student body. At various times he has been manager of the senior rugby team, a member of the Students' Council, a member of the Committee on Student Affairs, and an officer in the C.O.T.C.; he has taken an active part in dramatics, he has represented the University in the inter-collegiate debates, he has been directly associated with the publication of one of the annual "Evergreen and Gold," he was editor-in-chief of The Gateway two years ago, he has held the position of prosecuting attorney and he is now the Chief Justice of the Students' Court. This long, but by no means complete, list justifies the description of Jack McClung as a man whose interests are diversified rather than particular.

Jack obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts with Class '23 and had the honour of being the Valedictorian of his year. Next spring he will again belong to the graduating group, but this time he will be associated with the first class to graduate from the Law Faculty of the University of Alberta.

Congratulations, Jack! We wish you success!



JACK MCCLUNG, B.A.

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The Dance, Its Evolution And Its Present Status

Originally the Dance Signified a Desire to Kick.—Then it Developed Into a Visible Expression of Rhythm.—Is It Now Passing Through a Period of Retrogression?

It is perhaps not generally known that modern music owes its forms to the dance. In the Middle Ages the dances of the people became more regular in their form under the name of suite and it was Haydn who used this principle in developing the highest form of instrumental music, the symphony.

Before proceeding further, the writer would like to have it made clear that a considerable portion of this article is drawn from "Curiosities of Music" by Elson and "Primitive Music" by Walschek, but that he has added some original comment in connection with children's dances and the conclusion.

Primal dancing seems to have originated in a desire to kick, and this expression of animal spirits was soon combined with a more artificial side, a desire to mimic. It may be assumed that the dances rose to the dignity of pantomime and this seems to be strongly supported by the fact that savage dances of today contain dramatic and gesture mimicry. Religion soon claimed a share of these exercises and the dance had added aspects of a ceremonial or festival character.

"From the very beginning of the dance was a visible expression of rhythm; nor need the cause be sought for far afield since every human being and many animals show themselves appreciative of rhythm. The old sacrificial dances of the sun-worshippers were probably performed in a circle around a central object which was frequently a victim, human or otherwise, upon the altar of the god. When the Israelites danced around the golden calf they were but imitating the older dance which took place around the altar of the bull Apis in ancient Egypt in which all the participants were naked."

It is rather odd to observe that these sacrificial dances have come down to us through the ages in children's games, the children playing around "Little Sallie Wälter" are carrying out the survival of what was the worship of the ancient Egyptian god. To "ride a cock horse" to Banbury Cross we are to understand that this is in the original to ride the hippocriff, half horse, half dragon of Greek Mythology. It is also interesting to note as a digression that the reference in the New Testament to children playing in the market place had its counterpart in the present day. The words of the children's game "We have piped to you and ye would not dance; we have mourned to you and ye would not mourn" are, according to good authority the same form and direct antecedent of "Round and Round the Mulberry Bush."

Having mentioned the dance of ancient Egypt it is in order to tell what we can find concerning the dances of scriptural times. Dancing was entwined with almost every religious rite, but it must be remembered that by the word dance is meant at this epoch rather pantomime, dramatic action and gesture. The song of Miriam, of Deborah and Barak used some familiar Egyptian tune to which the singer improvised recital of history and which was accompanied with tambourines and with steady hand clapping to keep the large chorus in time. The proofs of the hand clapping are to be found in the Scriptures themselves where the command to "Sing joyfully and clap your hands" is said to refer to just such a practice. At a later date the dances of the ancient Hebrews clustered around two species of songs, the bridal and the funeral music. The funeral songs were always sung by women in the Orient, although men might join in the chorus. The Songs of Solomon is a collection of bridal songs and

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A word concerning our present day dances may provide a fitting close to this article. As in the Dark Ages, there seems to have been a period of retrogression to more primitive rhythms and music. It is commonly blamed on the War; that is not certain, however, since a start was made before that period. The music for the dance is often suggestive of the Bushmen of darkest Africa and the rhythms have been affected in the same manner. Of late even rhythm seems about to be neglected altogether. It is not unusual to see couples dancing waltz time to four-four time and vice versa. Quite often the music simply means that the dance is on and the dancer does just about anything he likes. It is possible that the next stage in the history of the dance will be the rejuvenation of some of the forms of the last century for there seems very little to be anticipated in the way of evolution from the present dances. There is actually a deviation going on but now that the classics are being used so freely as a basis for jazz dance music it is perhaps not to much to hope that the dance forms will follow suit.

—L. H. N.

constitution will probably be forthcoming in the near future. As these could not be put into effect for this year's publication, the Council has taken the responsibility of the annual by making appointments to this year's staff.

The choice of the Council for this year is McCann. Mac accumulated considerable experience with the Ever-green-and-Gold type of publication in editing the college magazine at Olds Agricultural School, of being endowed with that type of personality which is willing to give up a bit of time and energy to the interests of the rest of us, will prove, the Council is assured, an efficient editor.

But there are many difficulties in the way of continuing such a policy, some of which The Gateway will consider editorially. They have been of such a nature, however, as to make new plans necessary, to carry out which amendments to the

Why Not Sing?

By W. J. MacLeod

Music some day will be a compulsory study in the public schools of this country. Before this the people must be taught what true music is. The way to do it is to have the children sing and hear and play music of the highest quality.

The average popular music played on this continent is, according to good authorities, the most base and evil heard in the world. It is lacking in taste and musical value. It may be likened to profanity. The wretched tunes are more deleterious than the smut words with which they are sung. Children brought up in the atmosphere of Beethoven and Wagner would have souls higher in quality than the unfortunates today studded with ragtime of contemptible quality.

The greatest danger that could threaten the life of a nation is triviality—the invariably accompaniment of the decline of high ideals. It goes further. It is a psychological problem. The test of a civilization is the quality of its sounds.

The savage loves crudity. His talk is composed of clicks. His songs are harsh yells. The advance of culture is measured by the span from the crazy tea-dance of the savage to the Beethoven symphony, where mathematics is applied to the art of expressing sentiment in sounds on the highlands of intelligence and creative genius. There can be no civic conscience, no united effort for high spiritual and political ends where people cannot sing together. It is as much a necessity for a people to have music as it is for an army to have a band on its way to battle. A democracy that has no music in its soul cannot keep step.

Not the least of the reasons why the churches are losing their hold upon the masses is that people have ceased singing. We today hire professionals to perform for us. "It is incontestable," says La Prade "that music induces in us a sense of the infinite and the contemplation of the Invisible." Oh the dumb congregations, the dumb crowds in our meeting-houses and in the streets! How they would be fired and invigorated if they could sing! This is precisely what the patrons of the Symphony Concerts are doing. They are trying to introduce us to the Messiah and Rigoletto, providing us with immense recreation and unlocking an infinite treasure of delights. There is a great deal more of soul-

riches in being able to enjoy music of this quality, more culture to be got from learning to play one of Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words than listening far into the night to Clara running off a barrel of records on the talking machine.

Music is not a side-show. An American cabaret is a ghastly boresome affair. Here night everlasting, stolid, cheerless eaters and drinkers sit and listen to the howls and Dreadful tidings! The ugly sounds have even invaded the sacred gustatory temple. Aristotle said something about a man being a social animal, which simply means he doesn't like to be a stalled ox. Who does not like to dine with friends and temper the sensual pleasures of the palate with a tête-à-tête and a good yarn? But intellectual intercourse is rendered impossible in a boiler factory where a bunch of players scrape and pound out notes of dreadful preparation.

The Musical City of the future—when we learn the concord of sweet sounds—will compel hawkers, peddlers and news-boys to sing their wares. Consider the noises of the city. He who would render the greatest national good must invent a silencer for the noise in our cities. The only reason why it is tolerated is because we love noise. We are half barbaric. The elevated railroads in their crash and bang—like the cacophony of angry gods—catch up the dying cadences of the under-world orchestra—the subway system.

Plato, the philosopher, said: "Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the soul on which they fasten mightily."

"See deep enough," says Carlyle, "and you see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music."

Says William Watson:

Nay, what is Nature's Self, but an endless Strife towards music, Euphony, rhyme?

And Canada—the beautiful North Country! With its matchless scenic charm, mountains sombre and majestic, illimitable stretches of prairie and deep, swift, flowing rivers. Its peace, its prosperity and contentment, its health and wealth, jewelled with schools and churches and studed with a million happy homes. Why should not her children sing?

The Canadian Poet

A Criticism by Rache Dickson, '27

A country that has no literature of its own, or at best, a literature that is too insignificant to force its way abroad, must always bear a small reputation in the eyes of the world. Fame gained by war, or gained by wealth, does not live long in the minds of men, but the works of a Shakespeare or of a Scot live forever, indeed, gain new lustre with the passage of years till their glory outshines even the majesty of ancient kings and heroes.

We, who love Canada, are not ashamed to admit that we have a slight body of literature of our own. We are young yet and traditional literature can only come with the passage of time. Still, we must be ever on the watch for poems and prose that are Canadian, that have the birth of their inspiration in the beauty and splendor of this country. We want our writers to be perfect, to be able to stand comparison with the masters of the whole world. To bring it to this state of perfection, let us criticise. Criticism does not destroy anything that is worth while. Its duty is not to praise or blame, but merely to help. Perhaps many of Shelley's and Keats' poems were written only to be burnt, but in their ashes were born the wonderful poems by which we know these men today.

Mr. Wilson MacDonald, who was a visitor to this city last week, was highly praised by The Journal for Canadian poems. That paper, as if excusing itself for the absence of its praise, prated of the necessity for encouraging Canadian literature. Never, as it has never in the past, will flattery succeed in producing Canadian writers. We must not rush too rashly into commendation of anything that has for its only recommendation the fact that it was written by a Canadian. Quality is what we want, not quantity. A high standard of the former is far better than any excess of the latter.

I attended the recital given by Mr. MacDonald in Convocation Hall last week. I have high hopes for the future of Canadian poetry, but in looking here for it I was disappointed. The poems all contained that horrible quantity, volubility without depth. Words, hundreds of words, strung together in occasional rhythm, and absolutely devoid of meaning. For example, take his poem, "The Prelude":

"Here is the basin of each, lean law;

Drink of me for the wine hath a tang

Not only of me but the sea.

And thy lips shall give it a tang of thee.

The years grow cold unto Poesy; hast,

O, hast;

For the wine is strong as the drinker's taste."

Here every law of rhythm and meter is broken and, tragedy supreme, nothing inserted to take its place.

There are poets who can violate these laws and, even by doing so,

lend a charm to the vagaries of poetical fancy, but when an amateur tries to imitate them, the attempt is ludicrous.

A very bad characteristic of Mr. MacDonald's is his conceit, for which he finds an outlet in so many of his poems. This is not pleasant to see and is especially undesirable in the works of an almost unknown poet. Take, for example, "The Mongrel" in which he says:

"I had chanted my songs to a trapper—a hundred miles deep in the wild:

When I blew him a whim of my music he wept with the tears of a child."

There are other examples of this throughout his book, "The Song of the Prairie Land." Mr. MacDonald should know that such verses have, sometimes, the opposite effect to those intended. The British are not given to self-praise and when they meet it, they usually laugh.

I was especially struck, after reading his book of poems, by the fact that he seemed to be aping some style familiar to me. At first I could not place it. The last two lines of his "Toast to Beauty" gave me the clue:

"Saw the red vintage I must drink, alone;

Pale in my trance to the tears of Keats."

Keats, the immortal, was the pattern on which this man wrote his verse. Keats, whose poetry was so clever and delicate that it was frequently misunderstood, who wrote: "I find I cannot live without poetry." Mr. MacDonald was trying to do the same thing, to make some of his verse unintelligible and therefore "Keatsian." The beauty of his model is lacking.

Combined with this imitation of Keats, I found a crudity of expression in some of his verse, that I can only blame upon the influence of modern American poetry, but in looking here for it I was disappointed. The poems all contained that horrible quantity, volubility without depth. Words, hundreds of words, strung together in occasional rhythm, and absolutely devoid of meaning. For example, take his poem, "The Prelude":

"Here is the basin of each, lean law;

Drink of me for the wine hath a tang

Not only of me but the sea.

And thy lips shall give it a tang of thee.

The years grow cold unto Poesy; hast,

O, hast;

For the wine is strong as the drinker's taste."

Here every law of rhythm and meter is broken and, tragedy supreme, nothing inserted to take its place.

There are poets who can violate these laws and, even by doing so,

The Position of Man in The World of Nature

Professor R. D. Wallace of the University of Manitoba Delivers First Exchange Lecture of the Year to Crowded Audience in Convocation Hall

The first lecture for this session under the exchange arrangement of the Universities of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, was delivered in Convocation Hall on Thursday, November 22nd, by Professor R. D. Wallace, M.Sc., Professor of Geology at the University of Manitoba.

sent reached, with attainments beyond present comprehension. An eon of intellectual and spiritual development comparable in magnitude to the prolonged physical and biological evolution of the past would lead to results which we cannot yet even faintly grasp.

Thus far the discussion has been on the life of our own planet. To complete the picture and to obtain the proper perspective, it is necessary to have a fact on the earth and to flounder among the vague nebulae of worlds unknown.

Several forms which life might take on other planets were then suggested. It was pointed out that under other conditions, intelligence might be corporealized after far different plans; in bodies that need not injection, assimilation and reproduction, to which food and warmth would be unnecessary, and which might be formed of platinum or flint instead of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Senses as we know and of which we cannot possibly think would replace the five of which we are so proud.

Even if life can only develop under conditions similar to our own, and even if only the Earth and possibly Mars, of our solar system have conditions favorable to life as we know it, yet the universe may be densely populated, for our solar system is but one amongst legion. Some planets may be but the graves of life that has passed; others may be pregnant with the possibilities of life to come; but in many more there are doubtless sentient beings that represent the acme of life processes as worked out under each particular set of conditions. What their mental concepts may be, we know as imperfectly as we can imagine their corporeal frame.

Evolutionary processes, insofar as they are purely biological, have had but limited application to civilised man. Humanitarian principles have interfered with the ruthless work of the survival of the fittest among the members of the human race. In contrast to the limited change which has taken place in the outer frame, mental processes and ethical conceptions have undergone remarkable evolution, and we may expect even greater emphasis on thought processes in the future.

In the intellectual world, in the counting-house, on farm and in mine, man is pitted against man, and the ablest prevails. Some of the primitive cruelty remains, even in this higher struggle, but its harshness is being mitigated by the efforts of the sociologist and the teachings of the Christ. The fighters are even now realizing that true victory consists not in the triumph of the individual, but in the amelioration of the conditions of the many; and once again in the world's history individualism gives place to the higher collectivism.

In the light of this retrospect, our movement forward can scarcely be doubted, however often that movement may be retarded or even for a time turned back. And, indeed, the whole conception of our higher institutions of learning is based on the root-idea that progress is a fact. Just as the rays of the rising sun are thrown back from the windows on which they strike and set the land aglow, so the stimulus from our universities is reflected from the facets of the minds of the students of today throughout the land, revealing and interpreting the truth to those around. This is indeed your task, so to discipline the mind in these halls, so to think clearly and honestly and fearlessly that in years to come men and women will come to you for strength in the heat of the day as unto the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

In keepin with the policy of thoroughness instituted in all departments by the authorities at the inception of the University of Alberta, the Department of Nursing as newly constituted at the University Hospital is typically efficient and adapted to the high standards set up and maintained by the Faculty of Medicine.

Dr. Washburn, superintendent of the University Hospital, when interviewed by The Gateway was particularly enthusiastic over the training that students in nursing will receive.

Students will have the option of two courses, the first a three year course in practical nursing leading to graduation as a Registered Nurse, and the second, a five year course leading to the degree of B.Sc. in Nursing and graduation as a Registered Nurse.

Arrangements may be made to combine courses for the degrees of B.A. and B.Sc. in Nursing.

Whether taking the practical course only, or the theoretical course as well, students in Nursing will have all the advantages of the expert instructors in the University, and the laboratories and scientific of many other departments in the appliances. Like the organization University of Alberta, this arrangement is unique in Canada, and will

go far toward maintaining and developing the present high degree of efficiency of the University Hospital.

It is interesting to note further that the nurses in training are not only nurses in the hospital, but students of the University, paying Students' Union fees and privileged to participation in all University activities.

The first class began training on October 1st of this year, and a second class will begin on Feb. 1st, applications for entrance to which must be received by January 15th, 1924.

Those who have registered in the first class include the following:

Misses Josephine Hendry Bulyea; Norah M. Glanville; Maud Elizabeth Inkin; Dora Irene Kenny; Blanche A. MacDonald; Hazel Manuel; Viola Maude Purcell; Jeon O. Richards; Eileen Ringwood; Annie Robertson; Isobel Secord; Mable Trowbridge; Catherine E. Trowbridge; Aileen B. Whyte; Esther Eliz. Wolfe; Doreen Wood.

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Relation of Music to other Arts

By Professor A. L. Burt

(NOTE.—We are indebted to Professor A. L. Burt for permission to reprint the following article which first appeared in 1913 in the Oxford "Pelican Record.")

Lessing, in his great work, by a careful comparison of poetry with painting and sculpture, firmly established the limitations of each art, and thoroughly uprooted the general and ancient belief, which, to use Plutarch's phrase, regarded painting as silent poetry, and poetry as speaking painting. When "The Laocon" appeared in 1766, it was unfinished: the author realized that the two allied problems of the drama, and of the relation of music to the other arts, still afforded wide fields for investigation. Though he undertook the first in the following year and utterly overthrew the French drama in the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie," for some unknown reason, he left the second task untouched. It is idle to speculate as to what would have been his opinions upon the subject, his references to it are too scant and too vague; it is enough to realize the greatness of our loss that the attention of this keen critic and profound scholar was diverted from his purpose. As this work was never written, all who would consider the problem—the relations which bind music to, or separate it from, the other arts—must fall back upon their own thoughts and observations, and play intellectual spider.

It is more difficult to approach like that of the famous group now in the Vatican Museum, by the different treatments of which the various arts might be compared or contrasted. Without such a landmark, from which to view the field of art, we are left to wander hither and thither, to pick up such comparisons or contrasts as we may find by the way.

Lessing bases a great part of his work upon the consideration of the element of time. Painting and sculpture, being restricted to one moment in time, are thereby further limited in many ways, while poetry, without such limitations, has a much freer scope. The effect of sculpture and painting is simultaneous, while that of poetry is cumulative. A harmonious chord in music produces a simultaneous effect upon the listener, but the chief effect of music is cumulative, the progression of melody and harmony. But where does this parallel lead us? It establishes no laws concerning the selection of subjects as it does in painting or sculpture. It is meaningless, and we must seek another clue.

Some one, I think Macfarren, has suggested a parallel between the solar spectrum and to tonal spectrum, or octave. Few are unfamiliar with the mysterious identity of any note and its octave. Of course the initiated know it, it has become so common that they have almost ceased wondering at it: but who of those unversed in the gentle art has not been deceived into believing a certain note to be either an octave above or an octave below its actual pitch? In ascending or descending the scale, each octave repeats what has passed in the last, so that the parallel between the phenomenon of the sound waves and the phenomenon of the light waves would be complete, if, at either end of the solar spectrum, the original, with the same series of colours, should be repeated over and over again. Are our eyes sensitive only within the narrow limits of one spectrum, while our ears possess a compass ten times as extensive? Does the grosser organ so greatly excel the keener in range of perception? But the original parallel of octave and the spectrum is quite arbitrary, and is as false as arbitrary. The human eye comprehends only a part of the solar spectrum. Science is penetrating ever farther in either direction, and no matter how many chemical, electrical, or radio-active rays it is discovering beyond the range of vision at either end, there is not the slightest intimation that the spectrum repeats itself.

Similarly, if we attempt to establish a comparison between colour in painting and colour in music, between the different qualities of light and the different qualities of sound, the blending of the several colours on the canvas and the blending of the various instruments of the orchestra; or if, instead, we liken the advent of harmony to the progress from 'flat-land' to the world of three dimensions and the development of its art, sculpture, we find that we have arrived at nothing, unless it be our inability to discover truth by comparison. In fact, music differs so fundamentally from the other arts, that parallels are generally misleading. The only hope lies in following up contrasts.

In historical development, music is quite cut off from the other arts. Two thousand years elapsed between the crowning of poetry, painting, and sculpture and the crowning of music. Homer's poetry has never been surpassed. Though the originals have long since disappeared, the records we possess of Greek paintings would prove that they were fully equal to the works of the great Renaissance masters. Finally, turning to sculpture, we find that the Greeks eclipsed all others: the best of modern works were frankly but attempts to regain the lost excellence of Greek art. To this, music offers a great contrast. Bach, the father of modern music, and Handel, the master of the oratorio, were both born only in 1685, while Beethoven, the king of music, died not ninety years ago.

Some have doubted the statement that the Greeks did not know the art of music. But this doubt dwindles before the fact that the word "music" was applied to all the arts presided over by the muses. In education it was contrasted with "gymnastic" as including all studies which developed the mind rather than the body. Music, however, in the narrower sense, wherever it was found, was the bound handmaiden of poetry or of dancing. It had no independent existence at all. Though the Egyptians laid the foundations upon which Greek art was built, they were superior to their successors in the art of music. It has been concluded from pictures of Egyptian musicians that they must have had

and the birth of Thorvaldsen, the period when Pope was reducing poetry to an intellectual exercise, and when painting languished in Egyptian darkness, was occupied by Bach and Handel in revolutionizing music. The Romantic Revival in literature quickened the intellect of Europe during the lifetime of Beethoven, but the great master was untouched by that tremendous wave of feeling. Thus music reached its highest point after centuries of steady growth, quite independent of the development of the other arts. Not until the middle of the last century, when music experienced its so-called "Romantic Revival," and Wagner began to develop his theories of the new drama, did it come into vital contact with any of them. This remarkable aloofness of music has never been properly recognized, largely because musicians have been too much engrossed in the object of their worship to remark it, while other artists, finding their ideals in the past, have unconsciously overlooked this younger sister as an upstart. Why was this isolation? Why also did the Greeks, the most aesthetic people that have lived, develop the other arts to such a pitch of excellence, and yet leave music in its infancy? The answer to the latter question will go far to explain the former.

The Greek genius first found expression in the realm of art. Later as art declined, it turned into the channels of philosophy. The antithesis of poet and critic, artist and philosopher, is familiar to all. So incompatible are these two opposite spirits that they cannot be united in one man without greatly neutralizing the other. The common man is somewhat of an artist and somewhat of a philosopher; but the great artist is a poor philosopher, and the fire of the creative genius is dead in the great philosopher. As the Greek artist supplanted the Greek philosopher, so it is common to assign art to youth and philosophy to age. Coleridge the philosopher killed Coleridge the poet. Art is prior to philosophy. Here, perhaps, we may find a clue to the solution of the mystery.

Music, unlike the other arts, rests upon a highly elaborate scientific basis. The poet lisp in numbers; the painter readily discovers his pencil and colours; the sculptor has no difficulty in securing sharp tools and perfect marble: all can easily find beautiful models in thought, form, or colour. With music everything is different. It is a wonderful complexity comprising many sciences. Not until three centuries ago, though they had been trying for hundreds of years, did men hit upon a system of notation that was felt to be anything like adequate. The classic scales or modes were purely arbitrary. The Greeks took a perfect interval, divided it equally, and at either end added, as they required them, new notes with intervals equal to those thus arbitrarily made. As these, for various reasons, became fixed by time, their inadequacy cramped the future development of music, for the scales are the most fundamental material out of which the art of music builds, and the fixing of the scales demands the most science of all. Imperfect scales imposed a limit even upon the development of modern music, until profound researches discovered the phenomenon of the supertones, and our present scales were established. Harmony, whose mysterious and late origin has been noted, was now made perfect after many blind endeavours. Likewise it took a long time and many experiments to perfect the various instruments of music. The clavier Bach used was vastly inferior to the 'concert grand' which Paderewski makes eloquent. The orchestra, the noblest mode of expression, owes its present form to Rossini, who died only in 1868. The organ, which is an attempt to place a full orchestra at the absolute command of one man, is yet far from attaining that end, and revolutionary changes are in the air. From all this it is patent why the Greeks failed to develop music. The artistic instinct was dead before the philosophic or inquiring disposition attained sufficient energy to make any valuable discoveries. When the scientific spirit was thoroughly roused, the artistic instinct was dead, so that science was not turned to minister unto art. But besides this there is the pure physical impossibility of accomplishing so many centuries of scientific discovery in such a short time. Thus may be explained to a great extent the surprising aloofness of music.

The only time music came into real contact with any other art was when the impetuous genius of Wagner forced into a marriage with the drama. He did not, as his Italian predecessors, attempt it in imitation of the Greek drama. Greek music was too rudimentary to be an art, and moreover, a true art must have its end in itself, it must not be made subservient to another. Wagner recognized the irresistible power of music over man, and conceived the grand idea of uniting it with the noblest form of poetry, the drama. He sought to make neither serve the other. His ideal was a high marriage between the most intellectual and the most spiritual of the arts. They would mutually exalt each other and produce a greater art than the world had yet seen. There is much to be said for his position. Words may be the most perfect crystallization of our thoughts, but the delicate aroma of feeling is often lost in the process of distillation. The very vagueness of music enslaves or, rather, glorifies the feeling that the conciseness of words would wholly or in part destroy. This simultaneous expression in intellectual and in spiritual language of one idea, was however, very much of a mirage. The various arts may act and react upon each other, but, as Reynolds says, they cannot be engrailed upon each other. The great author of the Discourses was not aware that Greek statues were painted, and he ridiculed the idea of

a union between painting and sculpture. He said it debased art to mere imitation and made its end to deceive rather than to please. The real reason, however, is because no attempt to unite the arts has really succeeded; this is due rather to the weakness of human ability than to anything else. No giant among men has yet arisen with power enough to master two different arts and unite their divergent genius. One art is pretty sure in the end to dominate over the other. In the ordinary opera, it is common knowledge how the music has subordinated the words. So much may be said for Wagner and his ideal. It lay beyond the bounds of human possibility. After all, the discussion does not, as some have hoped it would, solve our problem or probe the inner mystery of music.

History apart, music stands over against the other arts in another important respect. Poetry, painting, and sculpture are imitative arts, music is an expressive art. Some may deny this distinction, but few persist in their denial. The vulgar idea of excellence in painting or sculpture is likeness to the original, but imitation in music is regarded as an eccentricity. When such imitation becomes unmistakable it ceases to be music. The same musical passage may always at different times suggest the same image to one individual, but the same passage may never at the same time suggest the same image to different individuals. These mental pictures are secondary, not primary, to the appreciation of the passage; for music may exert a powerful, and does exert its most powerful, influence upon the soul without the interposition of any mental picture. The language of painting, sculpture, and poetry existed prior to the art. The language of music was developed with the art and has no meaning apart from its use as such. The other arts speak to us in terms of this world, and appeal to us indirectly through what we have seen with our physical and intellectual eye. Music's appeal is direct; it speaks to us not in terms of this world; it tells us of what we have never seen or heard. The soul may be lifted up by a noble poem or exalted by a masterpiece of painting or sculpture, but it can never rise beyond a certain height, and there it stays. Under the spell of music, however, it seems to be freed from the chains of earth and to soar ever upward. Tovey remarks how the Greeks invested music with a mysterious power over listener and musician, and explains it by saying that it awakened instincts like the bird-song indulged in for its own attractiveness, or even cries of warning. This he advances also for the reason for music remaining undeveloped. In this, however, he is probably mistaken, for the scientific basis of music affords a better explanation. His reason for the strange power of music over the soul is, on the other hand, very interesting. The Greeks were not alone in ascribing to music an unearthly power. The Puritans felt music grip their souls and thought it was the Devil. So they banished it from their religion. But the process has been reversed, and nowadays, perhaps, religion exerts its greatest influence through the medium of music. What is the secret of this power? Is it that it awakens primate instincts, or does the reason lie somewhere else? Who has not, in moments of solitude, been thrilled with the infinite beauty of a gorgeous sunset? Compared with its power, all the masterpieces of Greece and Italy are as nought. Is the sunset not the counterpart in colour of the first rude attempts in music? If we could but analyse and harmonize its glories, would we not have a parallel with the art of music? A beautiful sunset may have a greater influence over the soul than a great painting, simply because the appeal of the first is direct, while that of the second is indirect. It seems that beauty pursuing a devious route loses much of its intoxicating power. That is the secret of music's mystery.

As the great ideals of the other arts belong to the past, while those of music belong to the present and future; as science is the gigantic attempt of man to solve the riddle of the universe, and of all its efforts in the field of sound music is the crown and fruit; as music has evolved its own vehicle of expression and makes its appeal directly rather than indirectly; as it discards the principle of imitation for the greater principle of creation; as it possesses a mysterious power over the soul unknown to any of the other arts; as it is the purest expression of beauty; is not this, the youngest art, at the same time, the noblest art?

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It is fitting that at this time the attention of the student body should be diverted for a moment or so in the direction of the musical activity of the individual student.

A man or woman, boy or girl, who has spent much time and put in hard work in an attempt to conquer some solo instrument, previous to entering these learned halls of ours, only to put such endeavor aside for easier recreation, is assuredly doing not only themselves, but in addition their fellow students a gross injustice.

It is in an effort to counteract such action that gives to the convocation of musical talent, namely the University Concert Orchestra. To anyone conversant with the finest art, the value of practice on good music under capable leadership is apparent.

This year we have been particularly fortunate in securing the services of Mrs. J. B. Carmichael in the capacity of leader. Mrs. Carmichael has had wide experience in directing and leading orchestras both in Canada and the United States, and to attempt a valuation of rehearsal under such a capable baton is assuredly superfluous.

Every Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. in Convocation Hall rehearsals are being held and any player wishing to affiliate with this organization is urged to do so at his or her earliest convenience.

At present the ensemble numbers fifteen, but it is desired that at least twenty-five instruments be in attendance at rehearsals in order that the full orchestrations may be used. So students, your support! It is your own orchestra. It can be what you will make it. Two hours a week can be spared from the books and slide rules, and you will feel repaid many fold for whatever time is given.

TWILIGHT

The sun has crept behind the hills, The gold has left the sky, And purple clouds of night come o'er,

Far off the coyotes cry.

The drowsy wind has gone to sleep, The birds are in the nest, Once more a day has come 'nd gone, And left us peace, and rest.

—J. Kingsley MacDonald.

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Psychology of Music

By Prof. Earle D. MacPhee

"Search for the basis of music is centuries old; It antedates the search for the Philosopher's Stone, the Holy Grail and the North Pole."

This summary by Mead of the extensive researches into music may well preface an examination of recent experimental work in the psychology and make us more sympathetic with the slow progress being made in the investigation of this field of human experience. Philosophers, physicists and psychologists have combined in their researches and have produced numerous tomes on rhythm, pitch discrimination, acoustics and tone psychology with a view to the illustration of the nature of music.

Since about 1915, psychologists have turned from the study of the nature of music to study the musical person. Seashore and Gatewood in United States, and Revesz, Schussler, Rupp, Burnfield and the Pannenbergs in Germany have made significant studies of the differences between persons of musical ability.

Three main problems are being studied. First, the acoustic functions, that is, the ability involved in perceiving musical sounds; second, the motor functions, that is the ability involved in executing musical sounds; third, intellectual functions, the ability to interpret musical compositions and to originate new ideas.

In 1920, Revesz proposed seven tests for the identification of a musical person. These are: (1) sense of rhythm, (2) absolute pitch, (3) octave recognition and transposition, (4) relative pitch, (5) harmony, (6) memory of melody, and (7) playing by ear. In 1919 Seashore published the result of extensive researches in a book entitled "The Psychology of Musical Talent," (Silver Burdett & Co., New York). He sets forth in that text the group of abilities which he believes to make up what is usually called musical ability. A list of these abilities may be of interest:

I.—Musical Sensitivity

A. Basic Capacities—(1) Sense of pitch, (2) sense of intensity, (3) sense of time, (4) sense of extensity.

II.—Musical Action

Natural capacity for skill in accurate and musically expressive production of tones (vocal or instrumental or both) in: (1) control of pitch, (2) control of intensity, (3) control of time, (4) control of timbre, (5) control of rhythm, (6) control of volume.

III.—Musical Memory and Imagination

(1) auditory imagery, (2) motor imagery, (3) creative imagination, (4) memory span, (5) learning power.

IV.—Musical Intellect

(1) musical free association, (2) musical power of reflection, (3) general intelligence.

V.—Musical Feeling

(1) musical taste; likes and dislikes, (2) emotional reaction to music, (3) emotional self-expression in music.

Seashore proposes to devise standardized tests for the measurement of individual capacity in each of these twenty-five abilities, and has already standardized five tests for pitch, intensity, time, consonance, and tonal memory respectively. These tests are available on gramophone records.

Many of the researches to date have served only to establish tentative hypotheses which will require further investigations. A few of these may be summarized briefly:

(1) The sense of pitch and the sense of time are so largely inde-

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PRESIDENT TORY AT LAW LUNCHEON

Efficient and Scientifically Trained Lawyers is Present Requirement

A luncheon was held by the Law Club on Monday, November 19th, in Athabasca Lounge. Dr. Tory, president of the University, addressed the students on the "Phases of Legal Education in Alberta."

On the European continent, the great system of law is based on the Roman law and when law schools were founded in connection with the universities, they taught Roman law. Unfortunately, the British universities did the same thing, so that we find Oxford even yet teaching Roman law which is not connected with the system of English jurisprudence. The result was that law schools outside the universities were founded to teach the English system of law and were attached to the various Inns of Court in London.

This tradition was handed on to America, but the United States soon after their Declaration of Independence discarded the English system and founded Law schools within the Universities teaching the practical English systems of jurisprudence. But in Canada, we have retained up to the present, the old English system. In England an apprentice in a law office received a good training

A REAL TREAT ON JANUARY 9TH

Remember this Date.—Mr. Vernon Barford Will Lecture in Convocation Hall

"Hear the bells! Silver bells!" Does not the word suggest a scene of brightly moving gaiety and bring to you feelings of the lightest happiness? "Hear the bells! Golden bells." The scene is changed; the eye no longer sparkles, the feet no longer dance, the laughing face with its aura of wide-flung curls looks demurely down and a feeling of peaceful happiness steals over you. "Hear the bells! Brazen bells." Fear replaces the quiet happiness, and a feeling of unnamed dread grips your heart and for a moment terror holds you. "Hear the bells! Iron bells." Fear is gone, terror banished and in their place a leader sorrow weighs down your whole being."

The foregoing is but one of the many sparkling paragraphs from the address of Mr. Vernon Barford before the Philosophical Society last winter, and which he will again read to a University audience on January 9, under the auspices of the Literary Association of the University of Alberta.

"Moods and Emotions in Music" is the topic of Mr. Barford's lecture. Sounds a trifle psychological, the title, and psychology is deep, so deep. But if that I have before me, this rhythmic flowing language, spicy wit, softly laughing, these pictures of moonlight, starlight, firelight, alternating with the heavy throb of marching regiments, and the tread of firm and kingly dignity, these descriptions of my finest feelings and deepest, lowest passions—if this is psychology I think it must be intensely human.

Here is a paragraph that must have made the listener lean forward: "I have been gradually increasing the speeds of my rhythm or strengthening the power of my accents," Mr. Barford says, "and if I have succeeded in my object I have made your hearts beat in sympathy with my music; now I want to make your pulses still more rapid. In my younger days, my bachelor friends had a habit, when things were getting nicely warmed up and they were enjoying a mood of more or less sparkling exhilaration (caused not solely by my music, be it said) they had a habit, I say, of begging me to play something 'fast and devilish.' I think the last of the 'Henry the Eighth's Dances' about fits the requirements. Listen to the fierce, scarcely controlled rhythm of that number; I want to depict a mood of almost Bacchanalian festivity, of almost drunken revelry."

When one thinks of that paragraph concluding with Mr. Barford at the piano in the selection mentioned, one can almost feel the tediums of his heart twang like a bowstring.

Though the address itself as reported by The Gateway in the issue of April 21, 1923, is intensely interesting it is impossible to render it its fullest appreciation without hearing the illustrations which Mr. Barford gave on the piano, to complete the language pictures of moods and emotions which are depicted by music.

The Literary Association feels highly gratified that it has been able to obtain Mr. Barford's consent to repeat this address, and the executive feels assured that with the new musical interest which students are showing the reorganized Glee Club and Orchestra, and by their attendance at this year's musical concerts, a large audience will greet Mr. Barford on January 9.

I hold every man a debtor to his profession; so ought they by way of amends to be a help and ornament thereto.

—Francis Bacon.

because of certain traditions which had grown up. In Canada, however, this does not often happen because of the complicated nature of modern law.

The first step towards a systematic training for law students in Alberta was taken when a little teaching was done in Calgary and Edmonton to the students in law offices. This was only a temporary makeshift but it was a step in the right direction.

The next step was made three years ago when an amendment to the Legal Societies Act was passed which gave students who proceeded to their LL.B. degree in the University of Alberta certain privileges regarding admission to the Bar; that is, such students would only be required to serve one year under articles.

The final step which is yet to be achieved is to make a university training necessary before admission to the Bar can be obtained.

A large amount of litigation today is due to the inefficiency and inability of the average lawyer today. There is great need today for the scientifically trained lawyer. The lawyer is a traditional man and an elaborate system has been built up gradually to secure justice. Tradition has been established but justice is subverted when tradition is used to evade the spirit of the law. Canada has advanced much faster in discarding unnecessary forms than has the United States, where it is still possible for men to escape justice in many cases, because of errors in the form of procedure.

Function of Music

By Cedric Edwards

"Twelve years ago," says a writer in the Metronome, "America spent over \$60,000,000 a year on music and musical instruments. Today

it is safe to say that that figure has since been doubled. At that time, he goes on to say, about 30 per cent. of this was spent in the manufacture of musical instruments and 50 per cent. in theatre music, concerts, etc. The bulk of the remaining 20 per cent. was spent in tuition. These facts induce an interest in the nature of music and its function in life. To all appearance it has no direct use in making life more comfortable and stable—it seems to be a luxury which could easily be dispensed with.

Many of our poets and writers have made frequent allusions to music. One of Shakespeare's many allusions is the well known quota-

"The man that hath no music in his soul
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils
Let not such man be trusted."

Ruskin has this to say:

"Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures; it is the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of men." This statement perhaps deserves close examination. Ruskin considers it as a "bodily pleasure"—it probably implies a pleasure of the senses as contrasted with pleasures of the intellect or reason. That it is the "nearest at hand" is true, considering that singing and whistling are easily available. That it is orderly is true—the length of even the chorus of any fox trot is 16, 24, or 32 measures in length and may be subdivided into phrases of 4 measures. In the classical school orderliness in music is carried through all their music and may be said to be the foremost idea in their compositions. The nature of rhythm naturally gives music orderliness. That it is extremely delicate and subtle is true. But Ruskin goes on to say that it is "equally helpful to all ages of men."

How, or to what extent it is helpful is not very clear. When considering the matter one should not overlook Herbert Spencer's essay on "The Origin and Function of Music." After showing that emotional activity gives rise to muscular activity and other physiological change, that all music is originally vocal and that the activity of the vocal chords act in common with other muscles while the mind is in emotional disturbance producing wide intervals, various qualities and varying intensity of sounds,—after showing this he says:

"All speech is compounded of two elements, the words and the tones in which they are uttered—the signs of ideas and the signs of feelings.... We may say that cadence (or music) is the commentary of the emotions on the propositions of the intellect.... Very often more weight attaches to the tones than to the words."

And further, "If intellectual language is a growth, so also, without doubt, is emotional language a growth.... Music is the indirect effect of developing this language of the emotions.... Joined with gestures and expressions of the face they (these various feelings) give life to the otherwise dead words in which the intellect utters its ideas, and so enable the hearer not only to understand the state of mind they accompany, but partake of that

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The Symphony Concert

By Margaret Dickie

The Edmonton Symphony Concerts have just commenced for the season. Of all who attend these concerts, how many understand the different types of music presented? Some of these types are the overture, concerto, sonata and symphony. The overture is the instrumental prelude to the opera, usually introducing the principal themes and sentiment of the drama. A well known overture is "The Overture to William Tell" by Rossini. A sonata is an instrumental composition usually for the piano. It consists of four movements, allegro (a quick movement), andante (a slow movement), scherzo (a light, playful movement), and rondo (a movement whose subject is repeated several times). Beethoven is the greatest writer of sonatas. His most popular sonata is "Sonata in A flat." A concerto is a musical composition resembling the symphony but with fewer movements. It is written for one principal instrument, usually the piano or violin, and having the accompaniment of an orchestra. Mendelssohn is a well known writer of concertos.

Symphony is a word whose meaning now is in very good accordance with its derivation, but whose meaning is not the same as it originally was. In the beginning it referred to any passages of music which were thrown into relief as purely instrumental in works whose chief interest was centred upon the voice or voices. Thus in the operas of the early seventeenth century, the voices had the chief part, but if there were any small parts which the instruments played without the voices, these parts were indiscriminately called symphonies. Later the symphony came to be a lengthy and highly elaborated composition for the full orchestra. In the eighteenth century it reached its highest excellence. The composers who contributed most towards the symphony were J. Sebastian Bach, Haydn and Beethoven.

The symphony differs from other classical music in that it lacks the sentiment of the domestic circle. Under the conditions of orchestral performance a composition must be written in a dignified style. Owing to this fact Beethoven found it very difficult to write symphonies at first.

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DEVELOPMENT OF THE FESTIVALS

By V. A. Beringer

In his first and second symphonies he appears not to have found the style for full expression of his personality. Even in these two, however, there is a massiveness of breadth and seriousness of purpose which mark them as products of a powerfully constituted nature.

Beethoven's "First Symphony," one of the selections played by the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra at their first concert this fall, is a good illustration of this type of music. This production opens with a chord of the minor seventh of C when the key of the piece is C major. This was looked upon as extremely daring by some of the narrow-minded pedants. However, Beethoven fought for his right to express himself in the way he thought to be true. Nevertheless, at first he went cautiously and followed to some extent his predecessors. The symphony is divided into three movements, allegro, andante and scherzo. Later writers have added others, but the symphony has really not been improved upon since the days of Beethoven. There are some characteristic things about this symphony, for instance, the passage which begins at the sixty-fifth bar of allegro passing from G to G minor and to B flat and back again, and the corresponding passage in the second half of the movement. Another striking point is the working out of the andante cantabile and the persistent drum rhythm. In the orchestra Beethoven adapted clarinets from the first and used one pair of horns, as did his predecessors. It was not till his ninth symphony that he employed four horns.

The first composer whose name is connected with orchestral music is J. Sebastian Bach who wrote overtures and concertos. These forms, although not symphonies, had a very close connection with them. He was the first one to extend his genius in this direction. Bach's work was of such a high type that several generations passed before anyone was able to carry it on.

In 1759 Haydn wrote his first symphony. He was influenced to an extent by Emmanuel Bach. Haydn is known as the founder of the symphony form. During Haydn's life another great man appeared in the person of Mozart. These two men produced symphonies during practically the same years. Mozart elaborated the symphony, writing forty-nine in all. The next great symphony writer followed close upon Haydn. This was the notable Beethoven. Beethoven first turned his attention to sonatas so that when he took up the symphony he had had practise in structural work. Beethoven is recognized as the greatest writer of symphonies. The reason for Beethoven's success with the symphony was because he was acquainted with, in fact, able to play, every instrument in the orchestra. To this cause is due the beauty and finish of his stringed trios, quartets and quintets. Beethoven's horn parts are considered weak as he was less familiar with that instrument. Following Beethoven there were many symphony writers such as Mendelssohn, Berlioz, Schumann, Raff and Rubenstein. Their symphonies are today among the most popular we have.

The first English orchestral concerts were known as the Philharmonic concerts and were founded in London in 1813. In 1855 the famous Crystal Palace Saturday concerts were begun. At these concerts the chief compositions rendered were symphonic works. However, the aim was to present orchestral music in any form not merely to confine the music to the symphony. At the Crystal Palace concerts the programme usually consisted of two overtures, a symphony, a concerto or some minor piece of orchestral music, and four songs.

In America the first concert of this sort was held in 1765 at Ranelagh Gardens. Similar concerts were held later at Charleston, New York and Boston. During the 18th century the American concerts were modelled entirely after the English concerts. However, in the second quarter of the 19th century German influences began to be felt and to this influence is largely due the present status of the symphonic concerts in the United States. Symphonic concerts have since been begun in the larger cities of Canada. In Edmonton the symphony concert is a fairly recent institution having been begun in 1920. The orchestra consists of approximately fifty instruments. We are indeed fortunate to be able to hear the world's best music presented by such an excellent orchestra.

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yarn, good and ill together.
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A GLIMPSE AT THE EISTEDDFOD

By Rees Llewellyn

A cold, drizzling morning, typically British in the thronged streets of Colwyn Bay, North Wales, crowded with the characteristic holiday makers strolling aimlessly about waiting for it to clear up. I have a hazy recollection of being suddenly hurried from the inviting windows of some glittering toy shop and being precipitated into an eager, expectant crowd which had collected on both sides of the street. Here I was destined to witness that solemn remnant of ancient Druidic custom, the Welsh Gorsedd procession, fore-runner of the national festival of music, the Eisteddfod.

That Festival occupied two days. There were eleven classes and just over one hundred entries. There was a splendid enthusiasm manifested and those in charge were encouraged to go on. For eight years an annual Festival was held in Edmonton, competitors coming from all parts of the Province, interest and enthusiasm growing with the years.

The Festival spirit thus implanted, it seemed necessary to have an organization more distinctly Provincial. Lethbridge expressed a desire that the Festival be held there and in 1916 for the first time the Alberta Musical Festival was presented away from the capital. Two years later the Festival went to Calgary and since that time it has become a triannual event in each of the three cities. A fine spirit of co-operation exists and insures the future success of this great Provincial movement.

The amazing growth of the Festival was demonstrated last May in Edmonton when competitions were held concurrently in the McDougall Church and Memorial Hall for four days. There were 350 entries and upwards of 2,000 persons taking part, nearly 100 in piano competitions alone.

The first organizers of the Festival had in mind a plan which provided for choir competitions only. This was subsequently enlarged to include competitions for amateur vocalists and pianists, performers on stringed instruments and bands, and now includes every branch of musical endeavour, including composition.

These efforts, judging by the comments of the various adjudicators, always men of eminent attainment in their profession, have resulted in the raising of the standard of music throughout the Province. Not only have the competitors gained in experience by the criticisms of their efforts by musicians of authority, but the general public attending these performances has acquired the ability to distinguish between the good and inferior in the art. So successful have the achievements of the Festival become that other Provinces of Canada have since started movements on similar lines and now Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and British Columbia have fallen in line and undertake musical competition festivals resembling our own.

The prospect now presents itself of the movement spreading over the whole of Canada and the various Festivals in the Dominion becoming affiliated with similar movements in Great Britain, thus forming a league of musical effort, the result of which is bound to confer lasting benefits on the social and ethical intercourse of our own people.

FEMMES SAVANTES AT FRENCH CLUB

At the meeting of the French Club on Wednesday Mr. Pellet presented an act from Moliere's "Les Femmes Savantes." Moliere always attacked sham and hypocrisy wherever he found it, and in this play he pokes fun at the pretense of knowledge shown by seventeenth century ladies. Philaminte and her daughter Armande and Aunt Eusebe are typical "blue-stockings" who think only of learning and not of the ordinary affairs of life. They are held up to ridicule by contrast with Henriette, who is a normal girl with no sympathy for the whims of her mother and sister. In the scene played at the French Club, the poet Trissotin reads his latest effort to this group of ladies. Les femmes savantes are enraptured by the twaddle and almost faint in ecstasy over some of the ridiculous words. They greet most effusively the poet Vadus introduced by Trissotin.

The two poets exchange flowery compliments on the respective merits of their work, until Vadus blunders by stating in most emphatic terms his dislike of one of Trissotin's prided verses. They have a violent argument and are only restrained from blows by their admirers who had been horrified listeners.

The parts were excellently taken by the following students: Misses McQueen, Little, Toby, Williamson, and Messrs. Hewelcke, Read and Hyndman.

music in perfect harmony. And yet the members are not by any means what we should call professional musicians. Many are composed entirely of colliers, who perhaps have trudged many weary miles to the nightly practices—rough, uneducated men, singing with passionate enthusiasm, putting their whole souls into the excitement of the harmonies. The whole scene is characterized by an enthusiastic emotionism typical of the Welsh nation.

Late in the afternoon comes what is perhaps the climax of the festival, the crowning of the bard. The winner of the prize poem is brought forward, the band strikes up, and the sword is held sheathed over the bard's head. The cry of "Heddwen!" resounds through the pavilion, and immediately afterwards each voice is raised in the ringing harmonies of the Welsh Gorsedd procession, fore-runner of the national festival of My Fathers."

As we watched, on they came, bards, druids and ovates, with their flowing robes in the symbolic colors of blue, white and green. On they press, down the streets and up the hill, winding to the top, on which a tall flagstaff has been planted. Here they pause, and the ancient Druid rites proper commence, solemnly impressive with their historic associations. The Gorsedd prayer is recited, and the Archdruid standing upon the Gorsedd stone in the centre of the ring, cries out in ringing tones, "Aeos Heddwen?" (Is it peace?), to which the bards and ovates reply "Heddwen!" (Peace). The flowing robes of the bards flutter in the breeze, and an impressive silence takes hold of the group of spectators who, out of mere curiosity, have followed the procession to the top of the hill. Strange incongruity! This crowd of intensely modern trippers, with their characteristic lunch baskets, souvenirs, and, at first, a somewhat scoffing attitude to the ceremony, eagerly surrounding this solemn memorial of the ancient Welsh Witangemot, at one time the parliament and law court of the land.

But the Gorsedd is nowadays only a preparatory ceremony, preceding the great Eisteddfod, the festival of all the arts, now chiefly celebrated for its musical competitions.

The Eisteddfod also has its roots in far away history, for the customs date back to the twelfth century, and there are definite references to it in some of the Elizabethan records. The festival takes place in a pavilion erected for the purpose which, in former years, was decked with prize shawls, socks and many other such articles of adornment. Then came the competitions, bards reading their poems, soloists who have been carefully singled out beforehand, and perhaps most important of all, the succession of choirs—choirs singing the most complicated

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